

temple appears to be considered a pure type of the Hindu city, with the graft of Mohammedanism standing out prominently in the Mosque of Aurangzeb, which is the only Mohammedan temple in the city. In the vicinity of the city the remains of a Buddhist temple bear an inscription A.D. 8 C.

The sacred stream has rolled on, while Buddha has faded into the shadows of the past. The cross of Christ begins to peer among the gilded domes of the temples and the crescent-tipped minarets. The Mohammedan has been supplanted by Mr. Siatkapore, the government agent at Benares, who kindly placed a state carriage with a guide and escort at our disposal, and we were enabled to examine the holy city to advantage. The Golden Temple at Benares is the most beautiful of the temples of the East. It is dedicated to god Shiva, the deity of wisdom, who is supposed to reside in a sacred well in the enclosure. The Golden Temple is reached by passing through very narrow streets, and the pilgrims are obliged to stoop to cast their offerings before the Idols. In the enclosure of the temple about a dozen Brahmins built up a high wall, and we were not allowed to enter as carefully as if they were living gods.

These great, fat, sleek, stinking cattle are so revered by the Hindus that the whole power of the British government is required to prevent any of them from being killed. They are wonderfully well cared for, being fed, washed and nursed with more care than the most pampered European dog. It was a play upon words, it seemed to me a very beastly worship. Why do the Hindoos worship cattle? I asked a Brahmin, and he told me the story of Jupiter and Europa. He did not confine his theology. Even in North America, among the Apache Indians, I once asked a chief why they had so much reverence for the horse. He told me that the horse he replied that Montezuma's daughter, the mother of the race, was enamored of a Spaniard, and that he and she had been transformed into horses.

The god Brahma once transformed himself into a bull, and wandering under the shades of the busy

The Independent Conservative party is considerably enlarged, as yet, its leaders are A. T. Galt and L. B. Huntington. Galt has been Finance Minister several times, is the Gladstone of the Dominion, very clever, rather showy. He has adopted the policy because he sees something in the leadership of what will ultimately be the winning party. He is a heavy

seven years old, and has been living in Webster
Mass.